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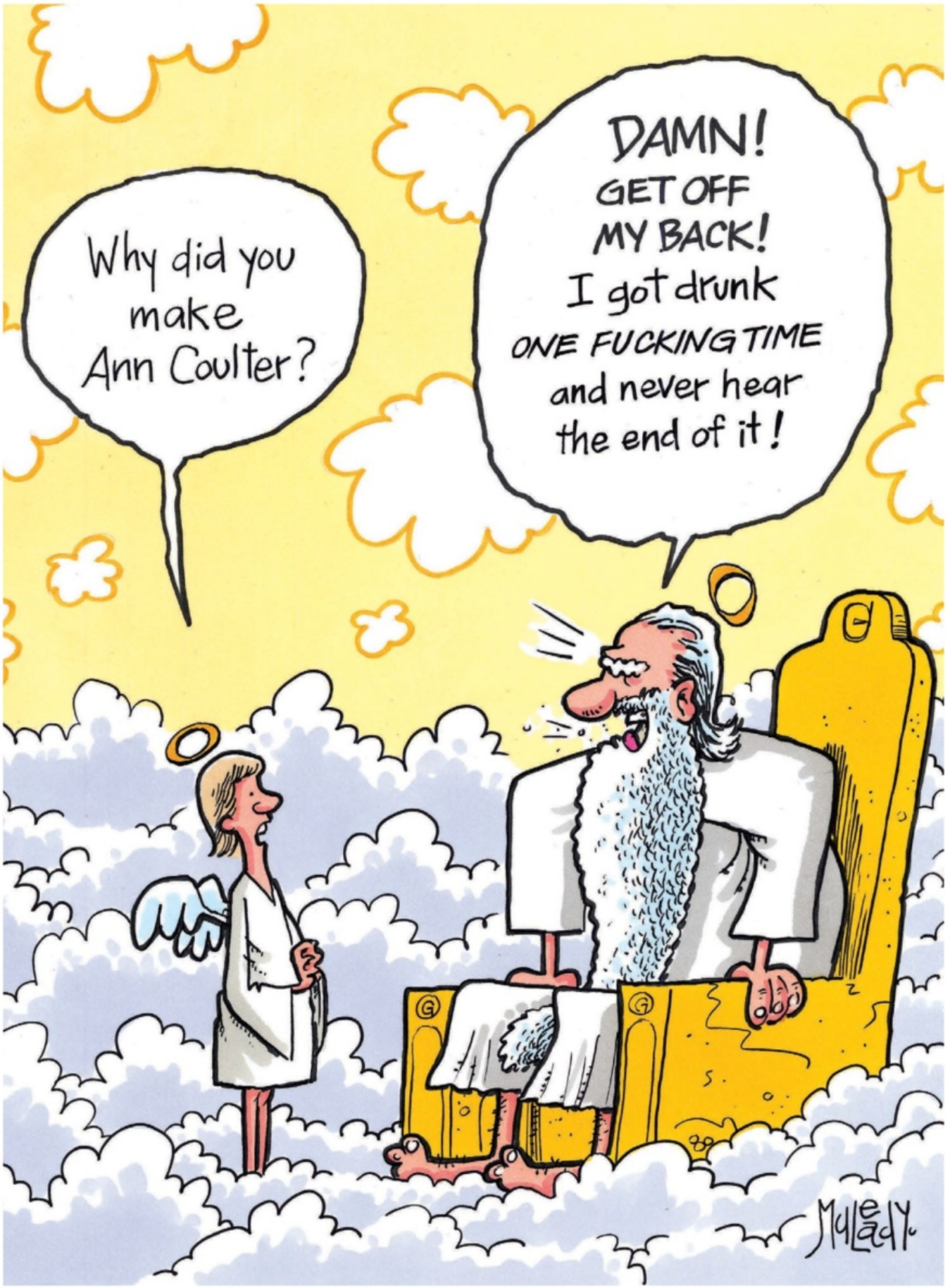
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DAMN! GET OFF MY BACK! I got drunk ONE FUCKING TIME and never hear the end of it!
MyLeady

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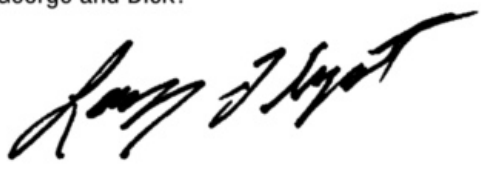
PROSECUTE OUR WAR CRIMINALS

Most Americans believe that the United States is still the brightest beacon of human rights in the world. But that reputation has been severely undermined by the Bush Administration's deliberate torture of detainees (officially revealed by the Senate Intelligence Report) and the Obama Administration's refusal to prosecute the offenders.

This past June, the ACLU, Human Rights Watch and Amnesty International issued a joint appeal to U.S. Attorney General Loretta Lynch to appoint a special prosecutor to investigate these crimes. Petitions signed by over 111,000 people were attached. Steven Hawkins, executive director of Amnesty International USA, said, "The Justice Department—and the Obama Administration—are effectively burying the Senate torture report…effectively handing out a 'get out of jail free' card to all those responsible for torture. The message to every would-be torturer is that they will get away with it because the Justice Department will turn a blind eye."

No doubt our Founding Fathers, who wrote the prohibition against "cruel and unusual punishment" into our Constitution, are rolling in their graves. The refusal to hold responsible officials accountable, as required by both American and international law, sets a dangerous precedent. If we are indeed leaders of the free world, then granting ourselves an exemption to this most fundamental rule of law is not only a betrayal of everything our Founding Fathers stood for, but a signal to the rest of the world that barbarous behavior is to be tolerated and international principles are moot.

Raise your voice, America. Contact your Representative. Email your Senators. Tell them that no one in our society is above the law, no matter how high their position. You hear that, George and Dick?



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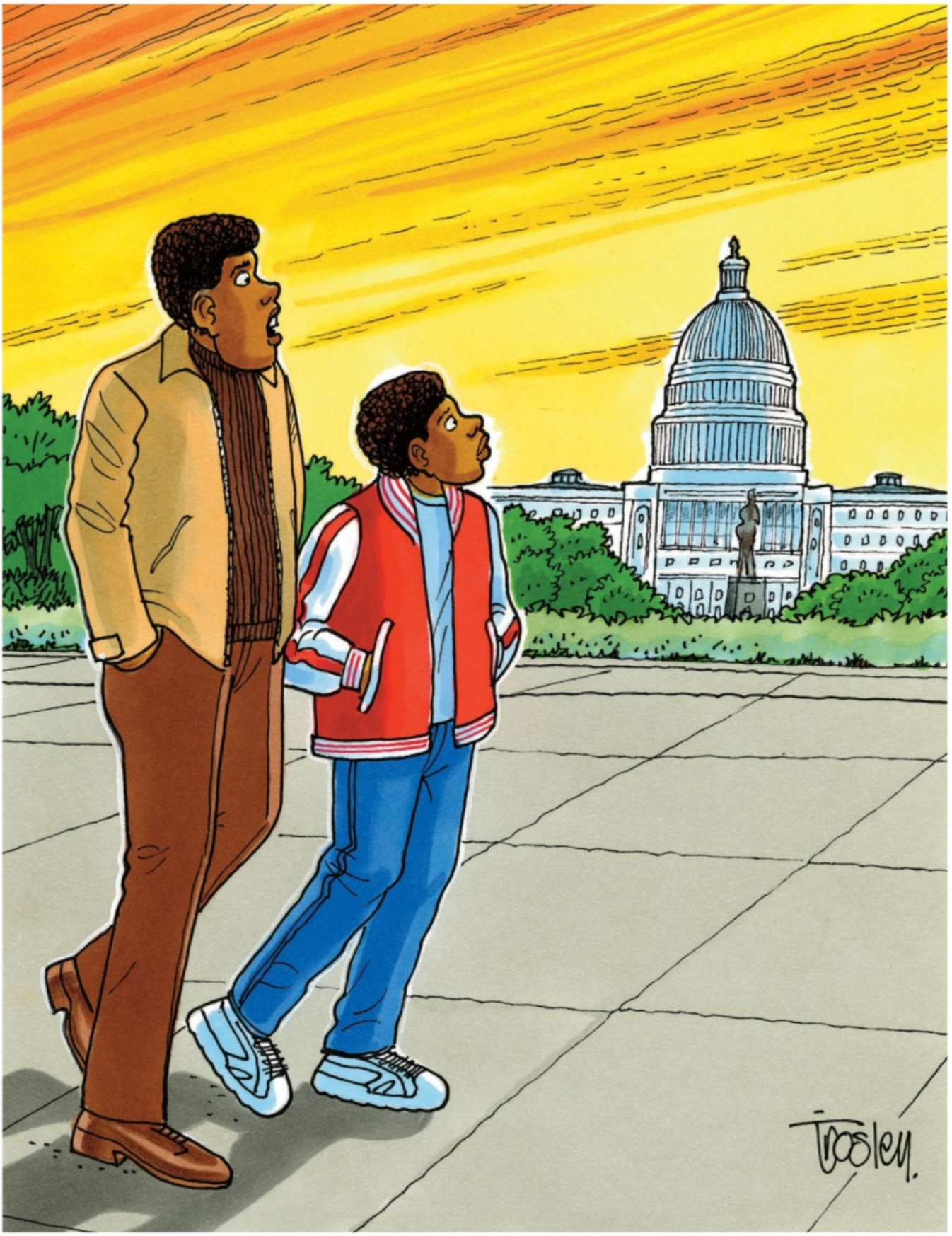

"Remember, son, you're either part of the solution
or part of the Republican Party!"

GAYS' BIG DAY

THE SUPREME COURT RULES THAT SAME-SEX MARRIAGE IS A RIGHT THAT NO AMERICAN CAN BE DENIED.

Thanks to the wisdom of five U.S. Supreme Court justices, the sexual revolution has won its most important victory. By affirming the "equal dignity" of same-sex marriage, the Court held that the significance of matrimony transcends the traditional religious purpose of procreation. As Justice Anthony Kennedy noted for the majority opinion in *Obergefell* v. *Hodges*, "No union is more profound than marriage, for it embodies the highest ideals of love, fidelity, devotion, sacrifice, and family."

Admittedly, not everyone who engages in sex needs or desires to get married. The point is that sexual activity should be judged by a standard which is both more complex and individualized than the intolerant dictates of the world's major religions, and the laws they inspired, would ever permit.

Until quite recently in American history, any sexual interaction that did not potentially lead to the fertilization of an egg cell was branded as illegal sodomy. Even a married male-and-female couple could be prosecuted for engaging in consensual oral or anal sex.

Although many states began eliminating sodomy laws, homosexuality wasn't widely legalized. With its 1986 *Bowers* v. *Hardwick* decision, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a Georgia law that criminalized sodomy involving same-sex adults in private.

By extension, similar laws specifying "unnatural sex acts" remained in effect in 14 other states—Alabama, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Texas, Utah and Virginia—until 2003. That's when the Supreme Court made its about-face *Lawrence* v. *Texas* ruling to strike down all anti-sodomy laws still on the books. So in a scant dozen years, homosexuality—with a landmark nudge by the Supreme Court—has evolved from being a criminal offense in a significant portion of America to a sexual orientation that can be legally sanctified by marriage.

On the other hand, "unnatural sex acts" involving heterosexuals had long been exempted from the reach of sodomy statutes. Dealing with far more serious crimes, law enforcement couldn't be bothered. There was also the argument that activities beyond vaginal intercourse in the missionary position would increase the chances of conception.

For example, when I interviewed the late Reverend Jerry Falwell in 1981 for a *Los Angeles Times* profile, he didn't come across as the typical Southern Baptist pastor. Falwell defended foreplay in the context of a marriage and the use of cosmetics by coeds at his Liberty University as wholesome because procreation would be made more likely, as God had willed.

Chief Justice John G. Roberts Jr. and three associate justices invoked the procreation standard in their *Obergefell* v. *Hodges* dissents, arguing that marriage was historically reserved for uniting one woman and one man. But why stop there? If procreation is the goal, why not require a fertility test to prove that those to be married are capable of reproducing? And if procreation is imperative, why not permit polygamy—as the Old Testament instructs—to ensure that there are sufficient seeds around to fertilize the available eggs?

Of course, procreation is possible without the blessing of marriage. It seems that is now the norm in economically advanced nations in Europe. So are two concerns these nations share with the United States: an increase in divorces and the more complex issue of adoption. In the opinion of the Supreme Court's majority, gay couples in this country should not be demeaned for providing a legally sanctioned home where they can raise children others have abandoned.

What the majority of the Court did—a great heresy in the eyes of religious conservatives—is separate the mechanics of sex from the endurance of love and a commitment to shared responsibility. That's precisely what a good marriage is all about.

In short, intimacy is to be judged as a matter of personal choice—the central demand of the sexual revolution. The enduring success of those encounters, not to mention the dignity of the relationship, can now be affirmed legally when consenting adults are ready to ceremonially cement that bond.

Seems obvious enough. The Due Process Clause of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution has ostensibly provided equal protection under the law since 1868. The only real question is why it took so damn long to have the right to marry afforded to all Americans. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*

I'm worried about my parents. They both want Ted Cruz to be President! I'm 12, and I know that he's a dangerous nutjob!"

HOW FREE TRADE AGREEMENTS WORK
I'll trade you this twenty-dollar bill for a free blowjob.
Agreed.
20
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McLeady

DERAILING AMTRAK

CONGRESS CONTINUES TO SHORTCHANGE AMERICA'S BELEAGUERED AND OUTDATED PASSENGER RAILROAD.

Eight people were killed and more than 200 injured when an Amtrak train bound for New York City derailed in Philadelphia on May 12. According to federal officials, the train had been barreling around a sharp curve at 106 mph—more than double the allowable maximum speed—just moments before the locomotive and all the cars careened off the tracks.

The accident, Amtrak's deadliest since 2008, might have been averted by a government-mandated safety system called positive train control (PTC), which can automatically slow down a speeding train. In fact, PTC was operational at Frankford Junction—where the derailment occurred—but only for southbound trains!

The chief problem is a woeful lack of funds. Stretching from Boston to Washington, D.C., the Northeast Corridor is the busiest rail route in the United States. But Amtrak, with more riders than ever, faces a stockpile of overdue repairs on bridges and tunnels—some dating back to the early 20th century—as well as obsolete rail interlockings and equipment that relies on 1930s-era components.

Although repairs for the Northeast Corridor are expected to require $4.3 billion in fiscal years 2015-2019, federal funding is expected to dwindle to $872 million. But neither these exigencies nor the tragedy in Philadelphia deterred the Republican-led House Appropriations Committee from voting—the very next day no less—to reduce grants to Amtrak by $252 million, down about 18% from last year's level.

Transportation infrastructure is short of funds across the board, but Amtrak has been severely pinched. Congress holds the nationwide rail service to a unique standard by demanding that it turn a profit per passenger. This is not true for highways and airports, which receive about 45 times the subsidies that Amtrak does.

Why the difference in treatment? Perhaps because of Amtrak's greater profit potential. Republicans have long called for the privatization of the Northeast Corridor despite the abject failure of British Rail, which was totally privatized in 1993. The privatization idea has never gained much traction outside conservative circles, but lawmakers have proposed slashing Amtrak's budget virtually every chance they get.

If an austerity-minded Congress won't provide the money, who will? Infrastructure projects are the latest investment boom for the private sector. According to economist Asieh Mansour, they can yield decades of steady, cash-flow-heavy returns of up to 10 to 14%—"like a stock's, with security like a bond's"—and they're effectively guaranteed by the government. But what's good for investors isn't always so good for governments. A rule of thumb is that borrowing to fund infrastructure doubles its cost.

Taking a Lesson From the Chinese: While Congress starves U.S. infrastructure of funds, the ultramodern, efficient and comfortable rail systems of Europe, Japan and most notably China are leaving our country in the dust. China built nearly 10,000 miles of high-speed rail in the past decade while U.S. legislators are still just arguing about the travel breakthrough.

China's awesome rail project is primarily funded by loans from state-owned banks and financial institutions. Like private banks, state-owned banks simply create money as credit on their books. The difference is that they return their profits to the government, and the loans can be rolled over indefinitely. In effect, the Chinese government just decides to start a project, issues currency to finance it and pays workers to get the job done.

The U.S could fund its infrastructure the same way. Under current market conditions, direct money issuance can be done without causing price inflation. Prices go up when demand (money) exceeds supply (goods and services). Thanks to mechanization and the availability of cheap labor in today's vast global markets, supply can keep up with demand for decades to come.

Rather than issuing money to bail out multinational banks, the Federal Reserve should take steps to help strengthen America's infrastructure with projects that create jobs and utilize domestic materials. Meanwhile, Congress seems bent on fabricating an artificial debt crisis to justify the privatization of the nation's choicest public assets, i.e. Amtrak, and pave the way for their exploitation by wealthy investors. H

Ellen Brown is an attorney, founder of the Public Banking Institute and author of 12 books, including the bestseller *Web of Debt*. In her latest book, *The Public Bank Solution*, she explores successful public-banking models historically and globally. Her 200-plus blog articles are at **EllenBrown.com**.

"In the future, sacking and looting will be accomplished simply by joining something called the Republican Party!"

"How was I supposed to know he was Republican Presidential candidate Ben Carson? He's black, and he said he was running, so I shot him."

BEN CARSON

By popular acclaim of the Tea Party and the evangelical ding-dong wing of the Republican Party, Dr. Ben Carson has been drafted to run for President. No doubt he's a smart and talented man: former head of pediatric surgery at Johns Hopkins Hospital, the first surgeon to separate conjoined twins attached at the head, author of six books. More recently, however, he's been just another anus spouting right-wing platitudes on Fox News.

If we were to probe into Carson's brain, it would no doubt require a colonoscope as his cranium seems to be constipated with a backflow of fetid fecal matter. How else to explain some of the most asinine statements ever uttered in the public arena?

Such as: "Obamacare…is the worst thing that has happened in this nation since slavery." How the hell does that compute? Since the Affordable Care Act became law in 2010, the number of American adults without health insurance has fallen by 16.4 million while the subsidies have cost $209 billion less than projected. But, yes, the black slaves on our antebellum plantations did enjoy free health care—usually a poultice of chicken fat and herbs applied after a bullwhip lashing or branding.

About the Veterans Administration "waiting list" scandal of 2014, Carson said it was "a gift from God" demonstrating the evils of government bureaucracy. No, Doc, it was a gift from George W. Bush: 50,000 additional wounded and crippled veterans from the botched wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, compounded by his 3.4% cut for the VA in 2006, along with the VA finally, belatedly recognizing claims for Agent Orange debilitation from Vietnam and Gulf War syndrome. Physician, heal thyself! In this case, stick an enema tube in your ear and stop the inane flatulence coming out of your mouth.

But absurd hyperbole always gets the base salivating like starving pit bulls tossed a T-bone. Carson suggested that liberals were making the country "… very much like Nazi Germany. You know, you had a government using its tools to intimidate the population. We now live in a society where people are afraid to say what they actually believe." How exactly have latte-sipping liberal stormtroopers from the FCC intimidated Bill O'Reilly, Sean Hannity and Carson from bloviating an incessant stream of lies, distortions and paranoid bullshit on Fox News—still the number-one rated cable news network?

Ever since the Enlightenment dethroned kings, queens and the priesthood from their privileged perches, conservatives have railed against every step of progress toward a more egalitarian and just society with prophesies of imminent calamity: liberate the slaves, enfranchise women, recognize evolution, mandate seat belts in cars or put caps on industrial pollution, and God will smite us down like Sodom and Gomorrah. Only a God-fearing simpleton turning the clock back to the Middle Ages can save the nation! Like born-again George W. Bush. It's one steaming load of monkey dung.

Carson believes the Bible mandates a flat tax because it commands all believers, rich and poor alike, to tithe 10% of their income to the church (mostly an elite class of lazy choirboy-buggering snake-oil salesmen). Like most conservative ideologues, he conveniently forgets the 1950s, when the top marginal tax rate was 92% during a Republican administration (Eisenhower) and the economy boomed as never before or since. He has equated abortion with human sacrifice in ancient heathen civilizations and compared gay marriage to pedophilia and bestiality, grousing that giving gays the right to marry would "change the fundamental definitions of pillars of society" and have "significant ramifications."

Like what exactly? More people leading fulfilling, loving, secure lives with their most compatible partners? It ain't a zero-sum game, Doctor Doom. Try this: Just stop obsessing about gays, and your children will still learn and play, the dog will still frolic when you get home, and your wife will still fuck you (hopefully in the ass with a big, vibrating dildo so as to loosen your brain-addling constipation). The Apocalypse will not come tomorrow. Heaven forbid gays not be "fruitful and multiply" in a vastly overpopulated planet already straining natural resources to the limit.

In Carson's books, the decline of historical empires (ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, Great Britain and Spain) is frequently cited as an object lesson on what happens when societies "lose their moral compass"—but Wall Street's insatiable greed (one of the seven deadly sins) and chronic corruption get a pass. Swindle and bankrupt thousands of hard-working bourgeoisie and you're still golden with God, as long your "family values" are intact.

The far-right went apeshit over Carson after he dissed President Obama at the 2013 National Prayer Breakfast with a partisan jeremiad that offended even conservative columnist Cal Thomas. Carson follows in a long line of token black Uncle Toms paraded center stage to smokescreen the Republican Party as a dwindling country club of rich white guys with a contingent of faith-based snake handlers in steerage. Clarence Thomas, Condi Rice, Herman Cain, Alan Keyes. Look, you too can rise out of the ghetto against overwhelming odds and become a millionaire superstar! LeBron James, Marshawn Lynch and Ben Carson did! Just wave the flag, say your prayers, vote straight-ticket GOP, and forget that the oligarchs are stymieing a long overdue minimum-wage increase, shipping more of your inner-city jobs to China or downsizing you for a more efficient robot that doesn't need food stamps.

They cynically champion Carson as the Black Messiah who can perform another act of delicate surgery: separating Afro-Americans from the Democrats, for whom they have voted about 75% of the time in recent years. The 2016 Committee (aka National Draft Ben Carson for President Committee) gleefully estimates that if Carson wins just 17% of the black vote, it will be "mathematically impossible" for a Democrat to win the White House. "Hillary loses all of the swing states and the Roosevelt Democratic coalition is destroyed." Never mind that the man has zero experience in government—he's supposed to step into the single most complex and challenging job on the planet and perform miracles. *Django Unchained II: The Donkey Slayer!*

Ben Carson may be good with a scalpel and a political pulpit on the Fox Propaganda channel. But as President, he would just be a plantation house nigger mollifying the cotton-pickers while the Rhett Butlers reap ever more of the nation's wealth. No thanks, Asshole—the middle and lower classes have been drenched enough by trickle-down golden showers. Your campaign slogan might as well be "Gone With the Wind." H

DOMO ARIGATO, MS. ROBOTO

"I am so happy and lucky to get this doll. She likes to hide around the house and scare people and crash parties on the weekends," boasts a customer in one of many happy testimonials on RealDoll.com. Since 1996 these fully poseable, customizable, lifelike sex dolls have made a name for themselves around the world. Priced between $5,000 to $10,000, we ain't talking cheap blow-up dolls here. These ladies are as real as you can expect, given they're cast from silicone and identified by letter and number (I'm partial to Face 17, or Kaori, but can't decide if she'd be better in Body 3 or 7). But the creator of RealDoll, Matt McMullen, insists his work is not finished. He is dead set on inventing the world's first sex robot, and his new project, Realbotix, aims to move dolls beyond inert physical objects to ones that can arouse—and be aroused—emotionally, intellectually and physically.

His robots have dreams: "I dream about becoming a real person," says Denise, a creation recently featured in the *New York Times*. "About having a real body. I dream about knowing the meaning of love." If you've seen *Blade Runner*, you might have concerns about how this pans out, but McMullen insists it's only as creepy as you want it to be. "The idea is to put as much control as possible into users' hands," he explains. "People will be able to make choices based on their own taste." Thank God, because we have no intention of letting our doll prattle on about the meaning of love. But how about a girl who possesses encyclopedic knowledge of World War II tank tactics and gives a great handjob? Or perhaps a breezy flirt with a wry sense of humor and mad cocksucking skills? While McMullen says he still has "a ton of work to do" to perfect his perfect female, he's shooting to get an early version out by 2017. Till then, there's always a "casual encounter" from Craigslist, which may or may not turn out to be human.

PHOTOS COURTESY ABYSS CREATIONS LLC

COVER PHOTO BY LEE FORBES

THE WILD SIDE

TABOO, America's premier fetish magazine, celebrates its debut relaunch with the now perfect-bound, collectible September/October issue. Ideal for both the curious and the curator, TABOO taps deep into the psyches and experiences of its gorgeous models for sumptuous tales of perversion. "It turns out that porn and amateur models do things in their everyday lives that the average bondage model would never do," marvels TABOO's Creative Director Cynthia Patterson. "They spend their lives exploring their sexuality, so it shouldn't be surprising, but frankly, I've been shocked to learn how wild their everyday experiences are. Totally cool and a lot stranger than anything some writer might make up!" To order, go to **www.TabooSub.com** or call 800-566-5760.

PHOTO BY LIGHTWORSHIP

"Nothing scares me more than people with some doll collection." —KARL LAGERFELD, DESIGNER

CLUB GIRL: CALLIE MAZE

"I love Las Vegas!" gushes Callie, November's super-rad Club Girl, and a couple of years ago she got the tattoo to prove it. "It took several sessions, and yes, it hurt—it was brutal!" she admits of the elaborate ink job spanning her delectable left hip. The blonde is so stunning that customers don't always notice her tattoos. "It's so funny to me because I have quite a few. Once they notice, the most common response is 'Badass!' Then they want to show me their tatts and tell the stories behind them. Tattoos have so much meaning, and it's a fun way to get to know what moves people." Born on the Fourth of July, Callie feels most independent and sexy when she's dancing. "For me, it's an expression of feminine sexuality. When people appreciate the visual and tip, it lets

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM MATLOW

me know I'm doing a great job. My favorite song to dance to is "Rocket Scientist" by Teddybears. It suits my personality and it's a hot song!" The beauty grooves long after work is done. "The best DJs play in Vegas," she raves. "My husband deejays here, and you can find me on the floor with my girls every time he works." Yes, Callie is married, but don't let that stop you from asking her to dance. "I love when I'm approached," she confides. "When I'm in my underwear, it can be intimidating to walk over to a group of guys, so when someone takes the initiative and asks me, it totally makes my night!" Come dance with Callie at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, Las Vegas.

"We have reason to believe that man first walked upright to free his hands for masturbation." —LILY TOMLIN, ACTRESS

HEAD NURSE

"Does my dick still work? Can I still fuck?" William J. Peace, paralyzed by an illness at age 18 in 1978, wanted answers. During his hospital rehab, Peace heard rumors about dick-sucking nurses, but assumed they were just that—until he awoke to "the silhouette of a young, shapely woman giving my roommate a world-class blowjob." Soon after, Peace received his own edifying visit. "She brought me to orgasm, and I was taken aback when I realized no ejaculate had emerged," he wrote in "Head Nurses," an essay in the "Bad Girls" Winter 2014 issue of *Atrium*, a Northwestern University Medical Humanities and Bioethics Program publication. "She explained to me that this is common for paralyzed men and that it...would not affect my fertility or my sex life in a major way." According to Peace, while not officially sanctioned, blowjobs were given to reward and show compassion, part of the "Wild West mentality" that prevailed in hospitals new to treating traumatic spinal cord injuries. "Obviously my experiences constitute a lost part of medical history," Peace concluded, "lost perhaps because people are too uncomfortable with it."

How right Peace was. Concerned that Peace's essay might damage the medical school's "brand," Northwestern administrators quickly pulled all issues of *Atrium* from the web. After much campus debate, the university eventually allowed *Atrium* online again, but not the "Bad Girls" issue. Fourteen months later and, not so coincidentally, only one day after Professor and *Atrium* Guest Editor Alice Dreger threatened to go public with the university's censorship, the "Bad Girls" issue was restored. "It's just so shocking to me that I was dealing with a problem involving one blowjob in 1978," said Dreger.

For the blow-by-blow on these "bad girls" of rehabilitation, go to: **http://bioethics.northwestern.edu/atrium/articles/issue12/peace.html**.

"The nice thing about being a celebrity is when you bore people, they think it's their fault." —HENRY KISSINGER, SECRETARY OF STATE

SPENCER SCOTT

SCREEN QUEENS

Porn stars have been burning up both small and big screens this year in what some industry wonks call "unorthodox casting." We call it totally awesome!

Amia Miley and Peta Jensen appear in the second season of HBO's *True Detective*. According to sources, directors put out a call for actresses willing to get naked, and Amia and Peta made the cut (duh). Series writer Nic Pizzolatto says the new season explores "the secret occult history of the United States transportation system." In case the federal transit plot doesn't keep eyeballs glued to the set, an orgy scene featuring Miley and Jensen should.

August '15 HUSTLER Honey Spencer Scott [*Sticky Fingers*] and porn favorite Anna Morna made it onto the film version of *Entourage*, although apparently their performance was so raunchy that some of it had to be left on the cutting room floor in order to avoid a NC-17 rating. The comely duo was hired to simulate oral sex for a debauched hotel room scene. Director and *Entourage* creator Doug Ellin claims, somewhat fantastically, that he hadn't the foggiest idea Scott and Morna were porn stars, even though the series frequently cast the likes of Sasha Grey, Devon, Teagan Presley and Jesse Jane. Ellin insisted had he *known* Scott and Morna were adult-film actresses, he would have been far more comfortable directing them. He must have been *very* uncomfortable, since according to Scott, he shot for over ten hours and made the girls do "a million takes" before he was "satisfied."

AMIA MILEY

SMART. SEXY.
UNAPOLOGETIC.
HUSTLER
HOLLYWOOD
Go to HustlerHollywood.com for a store location near you.

Celebrate!

Congratulations and happy anniversary! You all have completely outdone yourselves in creating the best overall—from cover to cover—Anniversary Issue in a very long time! I absolutely love the return of the old-school cover choice. I really like the collage picture of Larry in his "America's Birthday Suit." In regards to Larry's *Publisher's Statement*, he is the only American who I believe in. He's the only American whose word you can take to the bank. I believe Larry made a wonderful choice in honoring George W. Bush as *Asshole of the Century*. I love every single cartoon, the retro pictures and layouts and the reader-submitted jokes on the *HUSTLER Humor* page. Thank you for the beautiful journey down memory lane. It reminds us all that nothing worthwhile is easy, and if you do succeed, then people should applaud you for your hard work and efforts. It's people like Larry who make our world a better place.

I just want to give you a round of applause and a huge thank-you for creating such a great issue! I really love the "A Star Is Born" retro of debut layouts and the "Top 25 Beavers of the Decade." It's nice to see the classic layout of Angela, Kaylani, Alexis and Anna [*Four Score*] make a return. June 2003? Damn, it seems like it was just a year or so ago. How time flies! Bree Daniels [*Small Town Girl*] is a very pretty girl. Anneli and Lola [*Pussy Therapy*] are phenomenal! What beautiful blondes they both are. This brings me to the last of my compliments, but certainly not the least. Madi Meadows [*Sugar Baby*]. Holy shit! What a heartbreaker and goddess of stunning beauty, and legendary Matti Klatt captured it all with his camera lens! Please, by all means, top this, and continue to say and do what nobody else has the balls to do. Keep me cumming back, wanting more!

—Brandon Walters
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Amateur Hour

Thank you, HUSTLER. I always look forward to what I will find in every issue, especially *Beaver Hunt*. Each group of amateur models is amazing: real women from all over the United States who love to get down and dirty. Nothing is greater than that. Life is short. Why not have as much fun and happiness as we can?

—Shawn Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

"It's the new Kayne West doll. All it does is bitch and moan and behave like a damn fool!"

Madi Meadows sent readers over the moon in our Anniversary '15 issue.

iPorn

Here's a million-dollar idea: At my newsstand where I buy my HUSTLER Magazine, there are so many other magazines that customers have to dig and dig to find your excellent magazine. Why not include in each new publication a cheap disposable device that beeps a signal sound with the user's iPhone and gives a video sample of what's in the issue? Sooner or later some magazine is going to do it. HUSTLER's always the first and the best! P.S. I've already sent seven copies of this letter to every department at Flynt Publishing.

—Chuck Doire
Healdsburg, California

Ms. Business

When I think of what a female U.S. President should look like, I think of Janet Yellen. Everything about her TV image says, "I'm all business. I have zero insecurities. I'm too busy doing the people's work to mess with makeup. I'm too busy to spend time at a beauty salon." It says, "I have a mature woman's hips, and I don't give a fuck what you think." She wears black slacks. Good move. Her power suits are perfect. Generally they don't have a weird cut. She knows that the power comes from the material used.

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

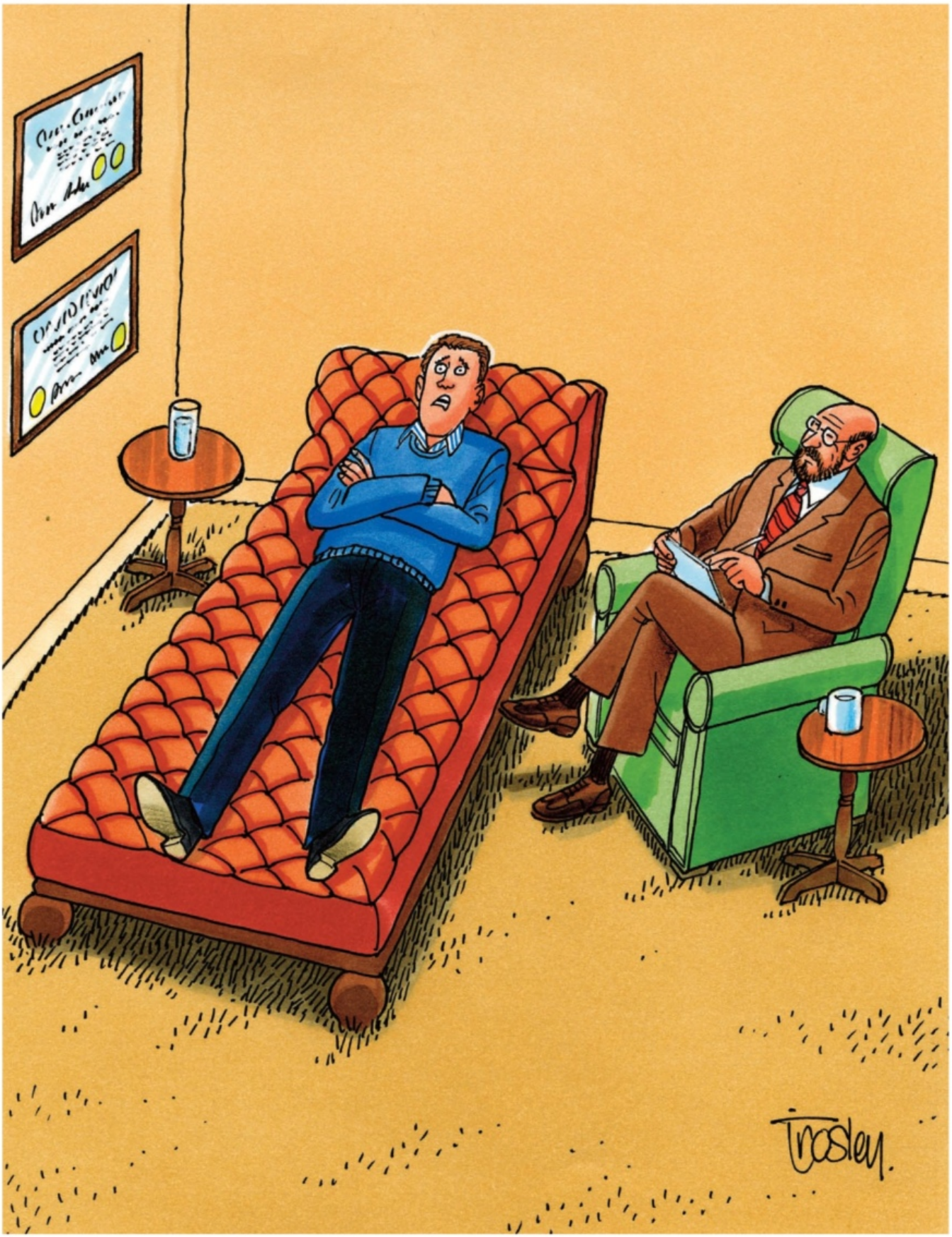
WTF of the Month

We get a lot of eerie letters. Here's one of the scariest.

Dear Hustler,
I send you a letter about earthquakes and drought. Earthquakes will be so powerful that Japan like Dilmun (Atlantis) will fall under the sea, and at the same time earthquakes will rip through Israel. Thieves take oil out of the ground and make new earthquake zones. There will be nothing to protect from big earthquakes. Tunnels and underground cities will become closed tombs. The machines to open the steel doors will be broken. The doors will be bent. Thieves rip out the grass, cut down the trees and burn the gardens of Eden. Rain clouds will be pushed away. The rain will not come down. Droughts will then become universal. With water not to drink, the Earth people will die a horror of terrifying death. People too proud to save themselves will die. People fill their heads with silly noise. They know nothing about how to stay alive. My phone is not working, but it might work by the time you get this letter.

—Craig Proffitt
Long Beach, California

Congratulations to Jon Root of Kirkland, Washington, for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month! His sartorial analysis of the U.S. Federal Reserve Chair was a good move, so we're sending him a perfect HUSTLER T-shirt. Let us know what you think of this month's issue and you could be next month's lucky winner! Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*, and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

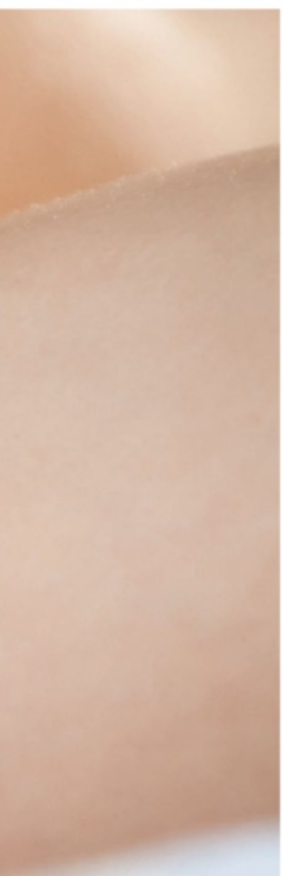


"I have a family history of mental illness. My father loved Nixon, and my mother loves George W.…"

CAPRI
ANDERSON
MY PLEASURE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CR INC.

What gal doesn't love doing photoshoots? Sex on camera is totally liberating. I get off on the freedom to express my sexuality around so many people. It's a real confidence builder to get such great feedback. It makes a girl feel really good about herself. There are times when I think maybe I'm a 'bad girl' for doing porn, but ultimately I believe it's healthy. Masturbation is vital for everyone!"

One day I'd love to be at Jenna Jameson's status, but overall it just feels good to satisfy myself and, in doing so, please other people too. I was born a thrill-seeker. I will try most things once. My lovers will say more than once. I see myself going pretty far in this industry. :o"

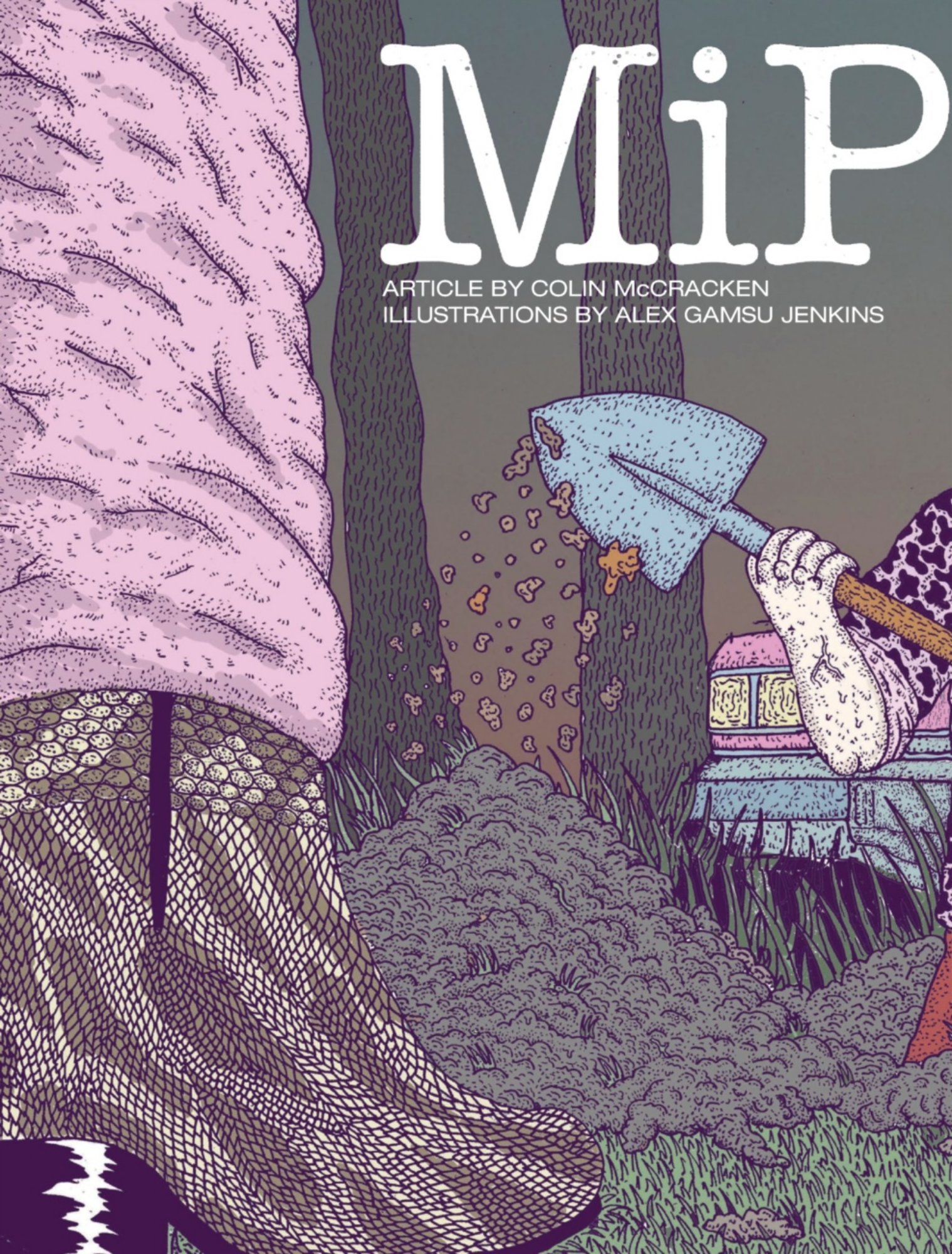


CAPRI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **New York, New York** | AGE: **27** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **36B-24-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@IAmCapriciousC**

MiP

ARTICLE BY COLIN McCRACKEN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX GAMSU JENKINS



THE FBI, THE MOB & XXX

Orn

For every undercover government agent, there comes a time when it's clear that the jig is up. For Pat Salamone that moment came in 1978, when gangsters drove him out to the Florida Everglades, put a gun to his head and made him start digging his own grave. Salamone had been investigating connections between the porn industry and the Italian mob as part of the most radical and dangerous operation the FBI had ever instigated. Now it seemed his mission was about to come to an abrupt and violent end. This is the story of Operation MiPorn.

Before he became Pat Salamone, he was Pat Livingston, a bright-eyed and enthusiastic file clerk who joined the FBI in 1964. A staunch believer in truth, liberty and the American way, he had a likable character and was good at talking out of his ass when he had to. This made him perfect undercover material. Seven years later, after months of intensive federal training, Livingston became a special agent. He was transferred to Detroit with his wife Vicki, where they met another young couple, Bruce and Pam Ellavsky. The four became neighbors as well as firm friends, and their lives would be intertwined from that moment on as Operation MiPorn threw the agents into an undercover nightmare from which they never truly escaped.

The FBI offices in Miami were teeming with activity in '77, when Livingston moved down there with his family. Smuggling, extortion, dealing, terrorist fears, prostitution and organized crime were rife in the Sunshine State. The Feds certainly had their hands full. Florida in the '70s was one of the only regions in the U.S. in which representatives from all the major crime families had a presence, and everyone wanted the biggest slice of the pie.

The porn industry was booming. A radical outburst of sexual expression and revolution had resulted in pornography's expansive growth, and it terrified the powers that be. What pissed the conservatives off even more was learning how much money it generated. Adult bookstores and peep show booths littered the country, no longer limited

Representatives from all the major crime families had a presence, and everyone wanted the biggest slice of the pie.

Livingston's rare ability to go unnoticed while undercover brought him a string of successful missions in those early days at the Bureau. He spied on Jane Fonda as she gave anti-Vietnam speeches in '72. He investigated KKK-inspired school bus bombings and an incident in which a principal was tarred and feathered. He was damn good at his job, and it didn't go unnoticed by his superiors, who moved Livingston to the hijacking and major thefts division. Here he made a huge sting in '75, when he sourced thousands of stolen cases of beer.

Next up was the Tigertown stolen goods investigation, in which Livingston was arrested while working undercover. This could have been a disaster, as a detained FBI agent can rarely declare his status for fear of jeopardizing the mission. Livingston managed to talk his way out of a charge, saving the entire project. He had an astute gift of gab, a confident and smooth kind of guy who could forcibly negotiate deals and make people around him feel at ease. The Tigertown bust made him a hotshot on the force, and his bosses had something huge lined up for him.

to the sleazy hub that was Times Square. Their trade was legal, and therefore hard to bust, but the FBI had been keeping a close eye on the entire industry since the early '60s. They knew that mob money was involved. They just couldn't prove it. Links had been established, but nothing solid had been unearthed. Something needed to be done.

It was around this time that William Kelly, an FBI agent who had been waging a one-man war against pornography, helped establish an operation. Kelly was constantly making small-time arrests (bookstore clerks, minor porno dealers) and taking them up on obscenity charges, very few of which ever stuck. They needed to go after the bigger fish, and they needed a foolproof way to hook them.

He presented a proposal to his FBI superiors, who knew they had one man who was perfect for the job, Pat Livingston. If anyone could get in deep with the mob, it was him. A proposal was drafted, and Livingston immediately accepted, asking for $25,000 to make some initial porn purchases. He also requested a partner. He wanted his best friend, Bruce Ellavsky, and he got him. "I just felt >>

The two clean-cut FBI agents soon became addicted to the glamour that came with their new identities.

comfortable with [Bruce] from the get-go," Livingston told Legs McNeil, one of the founders of *Punk* magazine, in an archive interview. "I knew I could trust him. When you're out there undercover, you got to protect each other. You have to know exactly what the other guy is thinking. I was comfortable Bruce could do that."

The operation was named MiPorn (Miami Pornography) and was initially supposed to last six months, targeting the suspected funding of the porn industry by La Cosa Nostra ("Our Thing," the name given to the Sicilian Mafia). Ellavsky and Livingston would pose as wholesalers and producers in an attempt to infiltrate the criminal element that provided the money and racketeering the FBI believed existed within the industry. It ended up going on for several years, destroying families, careers and psyches. Once they got in deep, Livingston lost his mind.

On a technical note, MiPorn operated under two precedents: one, to discover pornographic materials being transported across state lines and, two, to uncover criminal conspiracies as defined by the RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations) statutes. Basically, if they couldn't nail the mobsters for the porn, they'd get them for tax evasion. Hell, it worked for Al Capone.

It was Agent William Kelly's job to train them as pornographers. He gave them tips such as never buy a tape for $60 that they could get for $40 wholesale and never to ask for child porn straightaway. If they did, they'd blow their cover immediately. Livingston was also presented with some of the "tools of the trade," including a double-dong dildo. It took some explanation on Kelly's part before Livingston could even figure out how it worked. He was that innocent. It wouldn't take long, however, before his innocence would disappear without a trace.

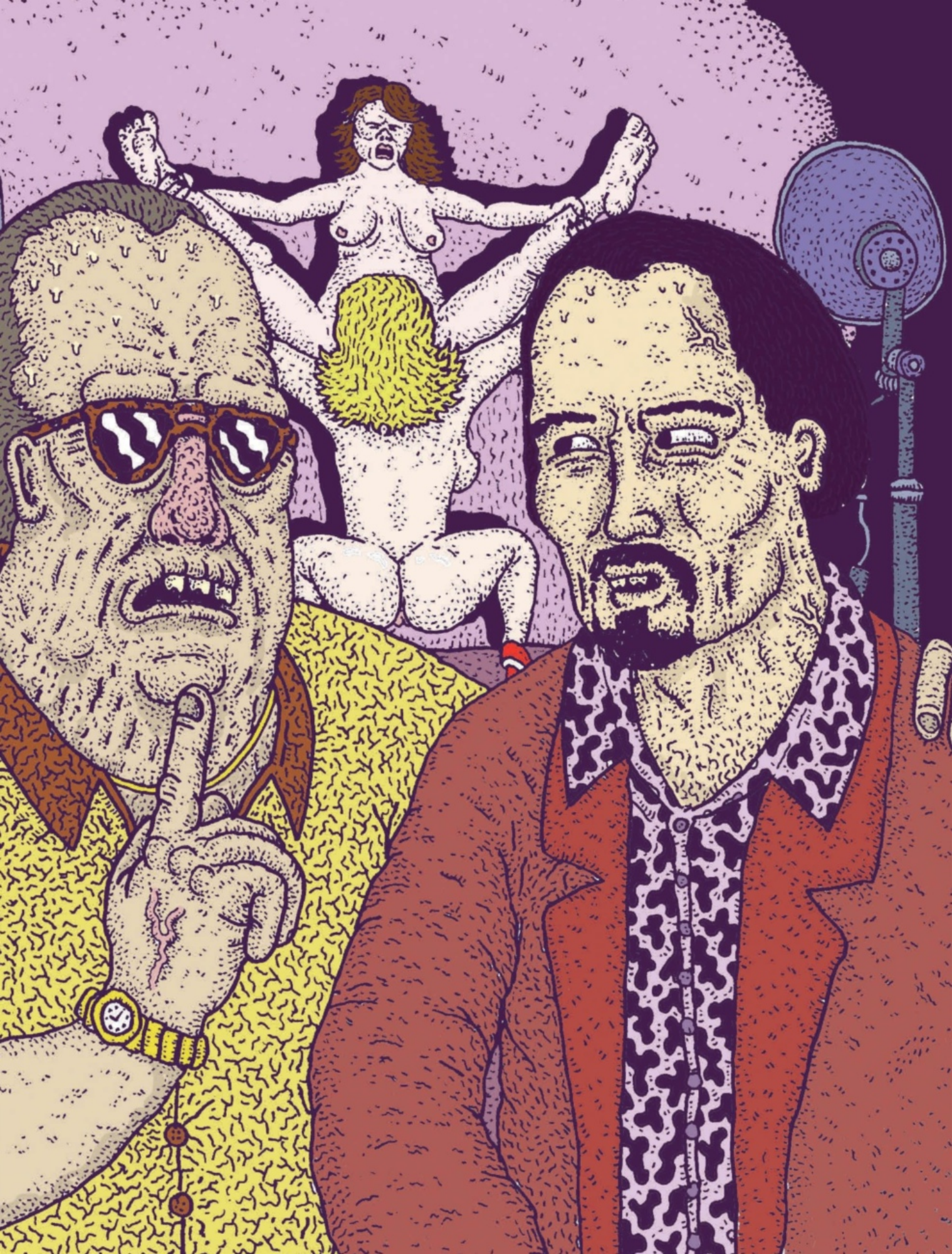
Livingston and Ellavsky were being sent after two of the biggest mobsters in America: Mickey Zaffarano and Robert DiBernardo. These notorious individuals had a reputation for making money and making people disappear. Zaffarano owned several porn theaters in Manhattan and handled the distribution of XXX flicks for the Bonanno crime family (one of the five major New York Mafia families). He was one of the moneymen behind *Debbie Does Dallas* and, in many ways, a maverick gangster. A lot of the old-timers wouldn't deal in porn, whereas he saw it as a cash cow just waiting to be milked. DiBernardo was an associate of John Gotti's and had helped finance the publication of *Screw* magazine for Al Goldstein, along with other shadier deals.

Pat Livingston was a short, well-built guy who transformed himself into an archetypal sleazebag with worrying ease. He grew a goatee and wore slick suits, including a sharkskin number he was particularly proud of. The FBI created a falsified criminal record for him and threw him and Ellavsky—now going by the name of Bruce Wakerly—right in at the deep end. They now had to act with the swagger and flair of the mobsters they would be rubbing shoulders with. All connections to their past were severed and their marriages suffered. As loyal and loving as their wives were, they couldn't withstand the lengthy stints away, let alone the drinking and casual sex that came with the playboy lifestyles Ellavsky and Livingston had adopted. The two clean-cut FBI agents soon became addicted to the glamour that came with their new identities.

"You should be acting rather than becoming, and during the operation Pat started to become his undercover persona," Ellavsky told McNeil. "Actually, becoming is much easier, because if you become that person, you won't screw up."

The MiPorn pair had no backup, no weaponry and no support. They had nothing but their wits and their backstories to keep them alive, and so every trace of their past had to be forgotten when they were on the job. Livingston, however, took this literally.

They dined in the finest Miami restaurants and drank in the most infamous haunts of the underworld kings. It was important to be flashy >>



and extravagant—all at the taxpayer's expense, of course. Livingston and Ellavsky tried to gain attention by shifting goods such as designer jeans, which they would use to tip waitresses (a $100 pair of Jordaches being pretty strong currency in '78). They were the new kids in town, with a lot of dough and merchandise to throw around. That got people talking.

With the help of an attorney friend named Bill Brown, they set up a company named Golde Coaste Specialties and a bank account in the Cayman Islands. Now they had an explanation for all the porn they had been buying from the local distributors. They could launder it through the Cayman accounts without raising too many suspicions. They traveled to the islands, where Livingston told the first taxi driver they met to "Take us to the girls." Brown recalls how they all retired to their rooms that night with the finest teenage beauties the clubs had to offer.

As a result of their extroverted decadence, their reputations grew, and this granted them audiences with mob-affiliated pornographers that the FBI had been investigating for years. They also managed to secure an invite to one of the biggest porn meet-ups in the country, the New Orleans XXX convention, in April '78. It was here where they became involved with Star Distributors and Ruby Gottesman. A veteran pornographer, Gottesman had his own methods of checking up on the pair. At the time he was acting as a sugar daddy for porn star Rhonda Jo Petty, having offered her protection after her father threatened to kill her. Gottesman sent Petty to "service" Livingston and Ellavsky. The only report she returned with was that she took them to their rooms and blew them both, adding that they came pretty quick. She couldn't see guns, files or anything else that would make her think they were cops. This was good enough for Gottesman, who would vouch for them from here on in.

Through Gottesman, they got a direct link to Robert DiBernardo, one of the primary targets. Livingston and Ellavsky were told in no uncertain terms that if they messed with DB, as he was affectionately known, they'd be buried. After a few meetings, Livingston and one of DiBernardo's associates were arrested in the FBI-leased pink Cadillac that Livingston drove. They had a trunk full of porn loops, but the cops thought it was a drug deal taking place. DiBernardo's associate was certain that he'd been stitched up, but with the help of Livingston's lawyer friend Bill Brown, they were released and the situation was diffused.

A meeting with DiBernardo was finally arranged, and Livingston went to the Bridge Restaurant for a sit-down to discuss potential deals. When Livingston strutted cockily into the kitchen to pay his regards to the head chef, he was greeted by two men he didn't know. They were armed and ushered him into their car. Through the Florida night they drove west, past Fort Lauderdale and down an isolated dirt road. Pulling the car over and dragging him out into the darkness, they threw Livingston a shovel and told him to start digging.

The mobsters said they knew he was a snitch and were going to put an end to him. Livingston had to think fast, but he started digging. He knew he couldn't cry for help, or beg, but by now he had dug to calf level, almost enough for a shallow grave. Time was running out, so he did what he knew best and acted like a mobster. He told the men that if they killed him, they'd be making a huge mistake and were as good as dead if they did so.

It took some work, but he weaseled his way out of it. Livingston held his ground and, as a result, was brought back to the restaurant. He then had to make it through the dinner without throwing up all over the table. DiBernardo later assured Livingston that he just wanted to see how he'd cope with the pressure of it all. This was the ultimate hazing, but it paid off. They now had the big fish on the line.

They threw Livingston a shovel and told him to start digging. The mobsters said they knew he was a snitch.

Problems were developing in the MiPorn team. It had been a two-year job, and the rivalry between Livingston and Ellavsky was increasing. By '79, Ellavsky's wife Pam was leaving him. The operation had gone on too long, and she was ready to walk. Ellavsky also had a full-time girlfriend, who he wanted to tell the whole undercover story to, a move that could spell death and disaster. This really put Livingston on edge.

Ellavsky was getting paranoid about Livingston's increasingly erratic behavior and began spending more time with his new girl. When a meeting was set up with Al Nunes, a scumbag dealer who traded in the roughest porn imaginable, Livingston was sent on his own to meet him in Hawaii. This turned out to be one of the most challenging encounters of the whole operation, but the most successful in terms of moving the case forward. Nunes specialized in child pornography, which he reportedly sold a great deal of to the Army bases nearby, and Livingston managed to get him to agree to a deal. He recalls how disgusting it was, having to watch the material Nunes presented, especially when he had children the same age, but he stayed in character and just discussed how hot the scenes were. Nunes made the sale. That nailed it.

They had almost all the intel they needed to make a series of ar-

rests. They had enough to convict Robert DiBernardo. Now all they needed was Mickey Zaffarano, and the job was done. In a ridiculously dangerous encounter, Livingston traveled to New York and simply knocked on Zaffarano's door. He said that he was about to do a deal to sell *Debbie Does Dallas* with one of the mobster's alleged associates, Joe Arieno (aka Joe Black) and could he vouch for him. Zaffarano said that Joe was "all right." The connection was made. That was all they needed to make a case. Livingston forgot himself, subsequently pushing for more info, and almost blew it. He was chased out of the building, fearing for his life.

Fifty-five indictments were set up across ten cities. Four hundred FBI agents made the arrests. When the bust came, Zaffarano tried to evade capture by running through the hidden tunnels and alleys that connected his grindhouse theaters and bookstores. The stress was too much, and he dropped dead of a heart attack before they could apprehend him.

The case was locked. They had almost every major figure in the porno business set to go to trial. MiPorn was wrapped, but there was something wrong with Livingston. After the operation, his behavior became almost uncontrollable. He was confrontational, obnoxious and couldn't settle back into the nine-to-five working life of an agent. In a last-ditch attempt to save his tattered marriage, he transferred to Kentucky, where his wife was from, and within a few months persuaded his new employers to send him undercover again.

In 1981, Livingston was arrested in a department store for shoplifting $157 worth of designer clothing. For some reason he identified himself as Pat Salamone when he was detained. By the time of his arrest, he barely knew he was Livingston anymore. He had been acting like a criminal for so long, it was now second nature.

The explanation was simple: Livingston had been sent undercover with no psychological support for years, and he cracked. The outcome of this incident pretty much destroyed a decade-long investigation. Upon hearing of the news of his son's arrest, Livingston's father had a series of heart attacks and died days later.

One of the key, unspoken rules of the FBI is, "Don't embarrass the Bureau." Livingston had done just that, and as a result, they threw him under the bus. His arrest and prosecution were made public, and he was discredited as a witness in the MiPorn trials. This was the devastating part, as it meant all of his testimonies were ruled null and void. The press exposure also put his life greatly at risk. The Bureau didn't care. He'd messed up and they washed their hands of him. Only Ellavsky's evidence could be counted in the proceedings. This resulted in several key suspects walking away from the prosecution without charge. They were willing to let members of the Mafia go free just so they could make an example out of Livingston. Such is the hypocrisy of the system. Following MiPorn, the FBI changed the rules regarding undercover work, stating that agents could only go undercover for a maximum of six months and would be subject to regular psychological tests.

Livingston would go on to tell his story to Ron LaBrecque, who wrote the book *Lost Undercover* in 1987 as well as Legs McNeil, Jennifer Osborne and Peter Pavia for *The Other Hollywood* (2006). He also appeared in the Channel 4 (U.K.) documentary *The Dark Side of Porn: Debbie Does Dallas Uncovered* (2005). Living in Orlando, Livingston's wild days are behind him, and he now enjoys life as a golf pro. He never returned to the Bureau.

When asked what happened to his alter ego, Livingston simply replied, "Pat Salamone is still there." H

I love you too, Harvey — but I won't marry you! I won't be a part of destroying the very fabric of America!

TESSA
TAYLOR
SCORE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

The feeling I get from touching myself doesn't even come close to how amazing it feels when someone touches me. It's not like you can tickle yourself. I mean, I can make myself come, but if a man is there, even if he's just watching, it goes to a totally different level. Plus, there's something really cool about getting close—especially if it will never happen again! My advice? If you have the chance to get with someone, go ahead. You don't need to sign a relationship contract to fuck."

Exploring my sexuality is really important. I'm learning what I like and what I need in bed. What I'm capable of. Being with a lot of different guys doesn't make me a slut; it makes me better and better. I don't need to keep score. I'm having the time of my life."

MIKO
DAI
EXTRA CREDIT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SAGESTYLE.COM

There were many reasons why I decided to leave law school and pursue a career in porn, but the quick version is that I was bored with my then-boyfriend and liked the idea of a two-week paid vacation to Los Angeles, where I would make extra money and fuck away some post-finals stress. Once I started, I fell in love with the industry. I realized I didn't want to waste any more of my life working toward something I had no passion for."

I've had a couple of boyfriends who broke up with me because they said I was boring. All I did was go to school and study. I wanted to do something more than be a nerd. I guess you could say porn is my rebound."

MIKO'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **32A-24-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Reverse cowgirl**
TWITTER: **@MikoDaiXXX**

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MISTER, I CAN'T DO SHIT WITH THIS. YOU SHOULD'VE COME TO ME SOONER - LIKE ABOUT FIFTY YEARS SOONER!
WINNERS

VALENTINA
PARADIS
OBSESSION
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SIN SPIRIT LLC

My passion in life is sports. I enjoy everything from dance and yoga to volleyball and tennis to sex. Especially sex. I know it sounds hokey, but working out regularly and eating correctly excites me. I love to be fit. All of my hobbies are intense. I'm obsessed with dubstep, Ariana Grande, Taylor Swift, Justin Bieber and jazz. I heart scary films. I love men who are tall, muscular and have big cocks. But what I'm really obsessed with is taking selfies for my Twitter. I guess I like being the center of attention. Oh, and I'm a squirter!"

VALENTINA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Los Angeles, California** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-26-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl**
TWITTER: **@XXXParadis**

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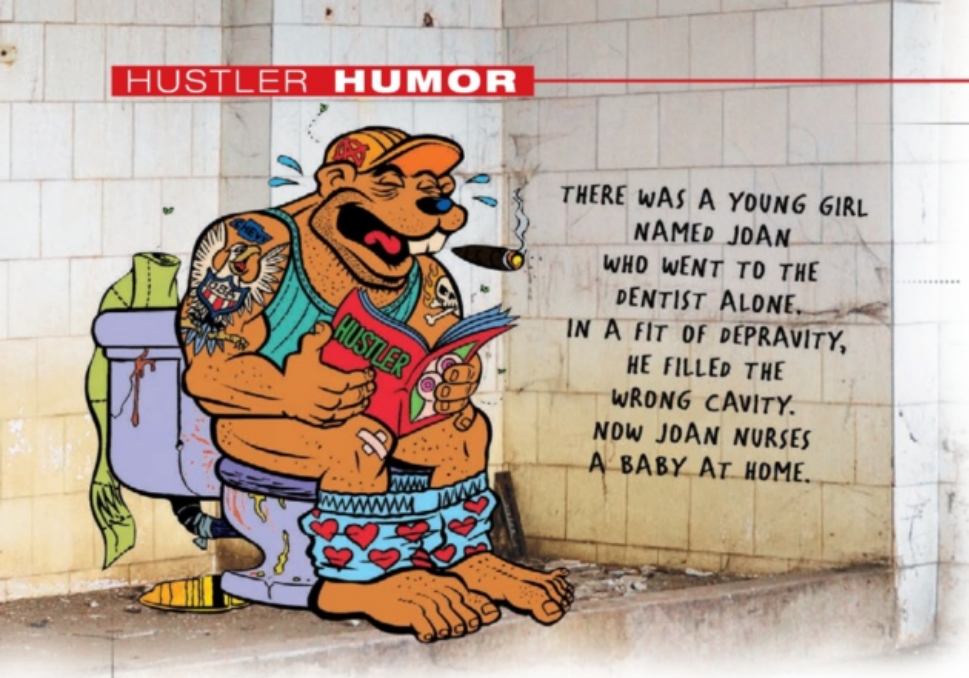

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL NAMED JOAN WHO WENT TO THE DENTIST ALONE. IN A FIT OF DEPRAVITY, HE FILLED THE WRONG CAVITY. NOW JOAN NURSES A BABY AT HOME.
HUSTLER

How about we go into the bedroom and 69?" John asked his wife Marge.

"Well, it is that time of the month," she replied. "But if you don't mind, go for it."

They went into the bedroom and were 69ing like crazy when the doorbell rang.

"Answer it," Marge directed.

"But my face is a mess," fretted John.

"It's probably only the FedEx guy," she reassured him. "If he says anything, just tell him you were eating a jam sandwich."

So John slipped on his pants and answered the door. Immediately the deliveryman began staring.

"Sorry about my mouth," John apologized, wiping his lips self-consciously. "I was eating a jam sandwich."

"I wasn't looking at the jam on your mouth," said the FedEx guy. "I was looking at the chocolate on your forehead."

Question: What do a nearsighted gynecologist and a puppy have in common?

Answer: A wet nose.

A man was struck by a bus on a busy New York City street. A group of bystanders gathered around him as he lay dying on the sidewalk.

"A priest!" gasped the man. "Somebody get me a priest!"

A police officer called out to the crowd, but no priest, no minister, no man of God of any kind could be found.

"A priest, please!" repeated the dying victim as the life drained from his body.

Just then a little old man stepped out from the crowd and waved his cane.

"Officer," said the old geezer, "I'm not a priest. I'm not even Catholic. But for the past 50 years I've lived behind Saint Elizabeth's Catholic Church. Every night I've listened to the Catholic litany. Perhaps I can bring some comfort to this poor soul in his last moments."

The officer nodded and ushered the octogenarian through the crowd. The old fart knelt down on the street, leaned over the dying man and began ministering in a solemn voice, "B-4. I-19. N-38. G-54. B-15. O-72..."

After announcing her bid for the White House, Hillary Clinton discovered she was pregnant. Furious, she called Bill.

"This is the last thing I need right now," she fumed. "How in the hell could you get me pregnant at a time like this?"

She waited for him to say something, anything, but there was only silence on his end of the line.

"Bill," Hillary shouted. "I'm pregnant! I'm going to have a baby, and it's all your fault, you careless bastard!"

Again, Bill didn't make a sound.

"Bill, did you hear me? Say something!" she demanded.

Finally, in a cautious and barely audible whisper, Bill asked, "Who is this?"

Question: Why do most women pay more attention to their appearance than to improving their minds?

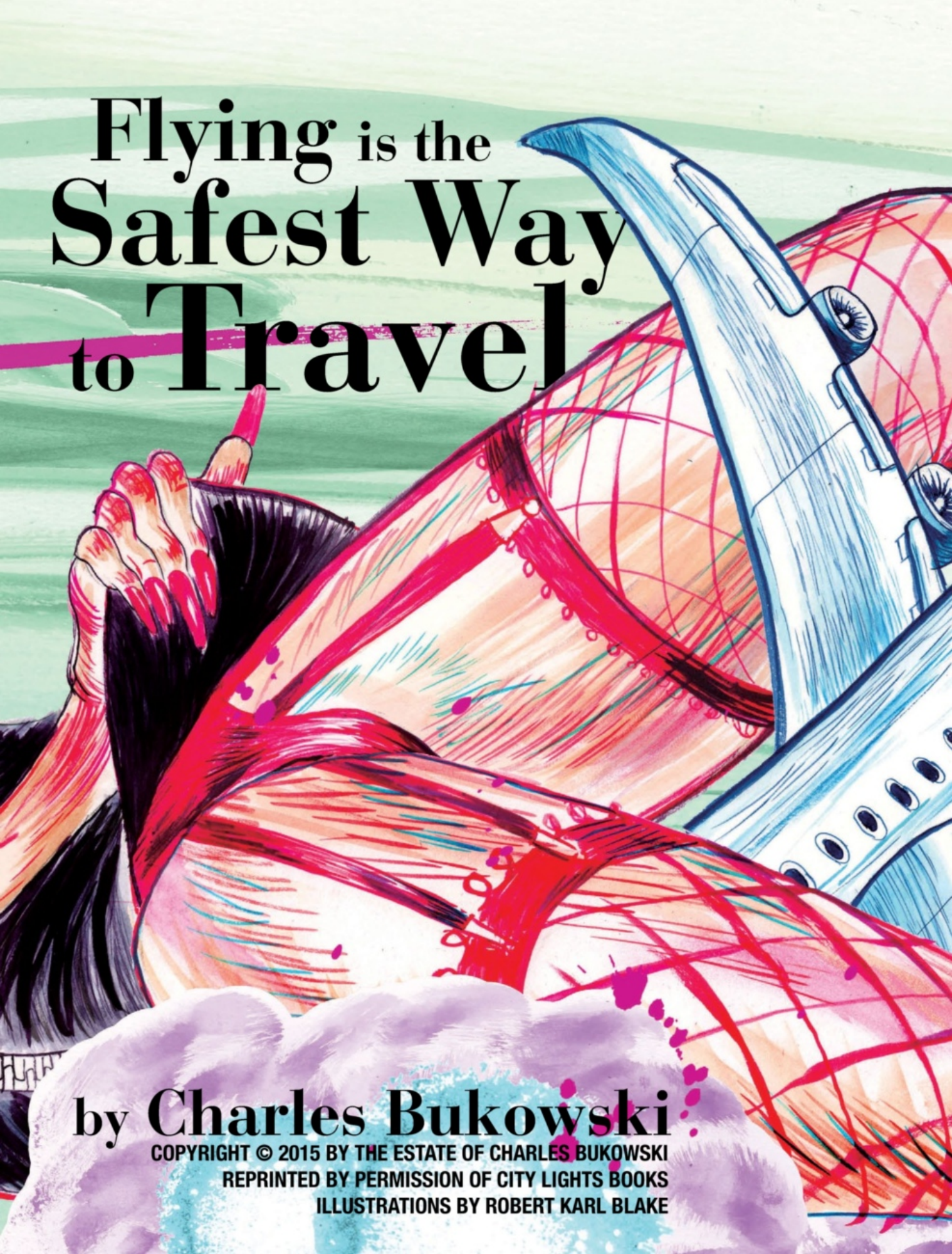
Answer: Because most men are stupid, but only a few are blind.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

"I hope you like my mom! She loves to eat pussy!"

"Hey, I'm a Republican. I would have never been able to live with myself, had I helped him out."

Flying is the Safest Way to Travel



by Charles Bukowski

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EVERYONE'S FAVORITE DIRTY OLD MAN COMES HOME TO HUSTLER. IN THE '70s AND '80s WE WERE PRIVILEGED TO PRINT SEVEN WONDERFUL BUKOWSKI STORIES. NOW, FROM *THE BELL TOLLS FOR NO ONE*, A BRAND-NEW COLLECTION OF SHORT-SHORTS, COMES THIS PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED GRITTY THRILLER—SO POWERFUL IT WILL LEAVE YOU GASPING FOR AIR. GRAB A DRINK. YOU'LL NEED IT.

Eddie and Vince, they sat in two seats at the back of the airliner. They were in their early forties. They were dressed in cheap suits, no neckties, wash-and-wear shirts, unshined shoes.

"That stewardess, Vince, the short one with the great legs, I'd like to have that one. Just look at her *ass!*"

"Naw," said Vince, "I like the tall one. I like her nose and her lips, her stringy uncombed hair. She reminds me of a drunken slut who doesn't know where she's at."

"She doesn't have any breasts, man."

"I don't care."

The plane ran through a bank of clouds and they watched the white threads, smoky, rolling around out there. Then they were back in the sunlight.

"Eddie, are we going to do it?"

"Why not?"

Vince finished his drink and sat it on the seat tray in front of him. "It's dumb."

"All right. Forget it. I'll do it alone."

"I think it's dumb, Eddie. Let's not do it."

"I like her nose and her lips, her stringy uncombed hair. She reminds me of a drunken slut who doesn't know where she's at."

"Vince, you don't have the guts of a rabbit." Eddie finished his drink, put the empty container on Vince's seat tray, folded his tray and locked it into the back of the seat in front of him. Then he stood up, stepped into the aisle, pulled at the handle of the overhead compartment and extracted a very fat briefcase. He closed the compartment and sat down again with the briefcase on his lap.

"All right, Vince. You with me or not?"

"Look, Eddie, think it over…"

"You with me or not?"

"All right, all right…"

Eddie reached down by the seat arm, pressed the little button with the design of the stewardess upon it and waited.

"Eddie, don't do it. Let's just order a couple of drinks."

It took three or four minutes but the stewardess arrived. It was the one with the great legs.

"Yes, sir, did you ring?"

"What's your name, stewardess?"

"Vivian."

"Vivian, I want you to lean forward because I want to whisper something to you that the other passengers shouldn't hear."

"Sir, I'm *very* busy…"

"I'd suggest you do as I say. It's very important."

The stewardess leaned forward.

"Now, Vivian," Eddie whispered, "this briefcase you see sitting here on my lap has enough TNT in it to blow your goddamned legs off and your goddamned ass off, plus all your other parts…"

The stewardess just stared at Eddie.

"And, there's enough here to blow off all my precious parts and also all the parts of everybody on this plane. You will now escort me and my friend up to your Flight Captain and his copilot."

"Yes, sir," said the stewardess.

"Come on, buddy," Eddie said to Vince.

The stewardess walked up the aisle and the men followed her. They walked through first class and then entered the flight compartment. The three of them stood behind the pilots.

"Captain Henderson…" the stewardess began.

"Captain Henderson," said Eddie, "you will not send out any radio calls nor will you answer any radio calls."

"Take control, Marty," Henderson said to the copilot.

Then he turned. "Now, what the hell…"

"Well, look at the Captain," said Eddie. "He's *fat*, isn't he?"

"Sure is," said Vince.

"Hey, boy," Eddie spoke to the Captain, "you're a little bit fat, aren't you?"

Captain Henderson didn't answer. He looked at Eddie with the briefcase. Eddie's right hand was under the upper flap.

"Now, Captain, I asked you a *question!*"

"Well, I might be ten or fifteen pounds overweight."

"Looks more like twenty. Drink a lot of beer?"

"Look, what the hell is this?"

"How much beer do you drink, fat boy?"

"When I'm off duty, five or six bottles."

"It might be a pleasure to blow some of that lard off of you. Now, you, copilot, what's your name?"

"Marty. Marty Parsons."

"You just keep this thing on course for New York City, you hear me?"

"I hear."

"Now my friend here, Vince, he doesn't say much. I'm the leader and he's the crazy one. He has the old suicide complex. It runs in the family. Hey, Vince, tell them about your brother."

"Eddie, these people don't want to hear about that."

"Go on, tell them. I want them to know how it runs in the family."

"What is this?" asked Vivian. "Do we have to listen to little stories up here?"

"Shut up, bitch! Now go ahead and tell the story, Vince."

"Well, I had this brother. His name was Dan. He wasn't very happy…"

"Look," asked Captain Henderson, "what do you people want anyhow?"

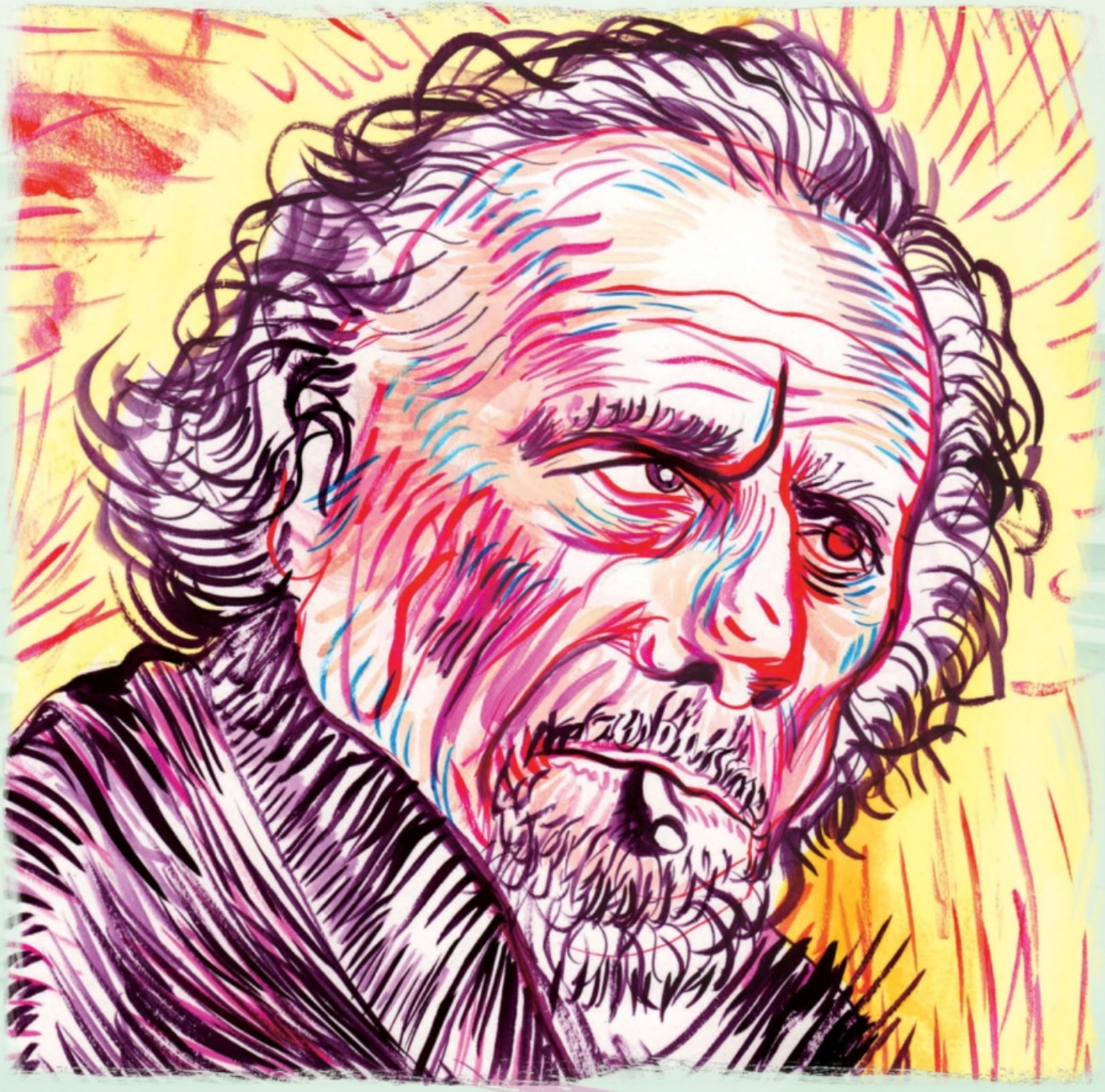
"We'll get to that soon enough. I want to hear the story. Go ahead, Vince…"

"Well, my brother wasn't very happy. He decided to kill himself. He jumped out of a second-story window. He wanted to land on the sidewalk but he didn't…"

"O.K. Where did he land, Vince?"

"Well, he didn't hit the sidewalk. He landed on an old iron-spiked fence, on his side…"

"Go ahead, Vince…"



"The ambulance crew got there and he was stuck on his side with fourteen iron pickets in his side. So the one attendant said, 'We have to get him off of there right away.' But the other attendant said, 'No, that will kill him for sure.' Nobody knew what to do…"

"All right, Vince… Then?"

"Well, there was all this blood coming out. So they just held my brother up to keep the pickets from going in deeper. And they waited for help…"

"We could have dynamited him off… So then?"

"My brother was crying and screaming. Finally, a big-shot doctor pulled up and said, 'What we've got to do is get a welder or somebody to come and cut those spikes off. Then we can take him to a hospital and pull them out one at a time.'"

"Listen," said Captain Henderson, "I don't understand this whole thing…"

"Go ahead, Vince."

"So they called in an ironworker and he cut the spikes from the fence. They took my brother to the hospital and kept him there for the next fourteen months. They would take one spike out, bandage the hole, wait a few weeks before taking the next one and then they'd pull that one. Finally, after more than a year of yanking the spikes out they put him in this place and held him for therapy…"

"Psychological therapy," said Eddie. "Then what happened?"

"They let him go. Two weeks later he killed himself with a shotgun."

There was silence. The plane went on toward New York City. >>

Then Eddie spoke. "What we are going to do here is to rape ourselves a stewardess apiece. We like your stewardesses."

"You can't get away with such a thing," said Captain Henderson.

"Either we do or we all die."

"Then what? Then what's your plan?"

"We've got a plan. Don't worry about that."

"Look, you can get laid on the ground, you can get laid anywhere for 50 bucks."

"We don't want those. We want your girls."

"You're attempting a dangerously foolish thing."

"Let us worry about that. By the way, I've got the old suicide complex too. That's why I've teamed up with Vince."

"Well," said Vivian, "I'm not cooperating. You can blow us all to hell!"

Eddie handed Vince the briefcase. "Careful… Don't drop it! Stick your hand under the flap. Easy. Do you feel the switch, Vince?"

"Yes."

"Don't press down on that thing unless you feel that we've been crossed…"

"Do I wait until you tell me, Eddie?"

"No, use your judgment." Eddie turned toward Vivian.

"To hell with you," she said, "you don't scare me, you goddamned freak!"

Eddie punched her quickly in the belly and as she doubled over he punched her in the face. Vivian fell in the corner of the flight deck behind Captain Henderson's seat. She was gasping and trembling. She began weeping in a hysterical fashion. Eddie rushed to her and pushed his handkerchief into her mouth.

"Either of those guys move a move, Vince, you hit the trigger!"

"O.K., Eddie…"

Eddie bent over Vivian and pulled her skirt up around her waist. She had on pantyhose and tried to turn on her side. Eddie pulled her straight.

"Oh," said Vince, "you're right, Eddie, she's got *beautiful* legs! I'm scared, I'm really scared but I'm getting a hard!"

It was true, her legs were beautiful and full, packed, like ripe figs on a tree, culminated, perfect, almost to the point of bursting in the tight pantyhose. Vivian reached up and clawed and raked Eddie's face with the fingernails of each hand. He hit her again, hard across the face, and her hands dropped. He unzipped and the thing was before him, mad and untended. He bent over her, grabbed her ass and pulled at it. Her eyes stared at him. They were wide and a deep brown. He remembered the old Marlon Brando movie and he reached down and tore her pantyhose in front, in between the legs. "I'm going to squirt it inside of you, you bitch!" He poked futilely, then reached his hand down and forced the head of it in. She was trembling and wiggling, a snake creature. Then it entered a bit more. And then he plunged it in, totally. He began to ram wildly, watching her head bob and bounce against the floor. There was no holding it back. He could feel the climax arriving and he thrust it wildly and deeply in, then it came. It seemed as if

It was true, her legs were beautiful and full, packed, like ripe figs on a tree, culminated, perfect, almost to the point of bursting in the tight pantyhose.

he had endless semen, it came out and out as he stared at her wide brown eyes. Then he was still. Eddie slowly got up, stood a moment transfixed, looking down at her. Then he put it back in, zipped up and turned to Vince.

"O.K., your turn now. I'll go get your stewardess."

"You guys can't get away with this!" said Henderson.

"You think not?"

"How are you going to get away with it? How are you going to get out of here?"

"Let us worry about that. Meanwhile, shut up a while!"

Vivian rose from the floor, her skirt falling back into place, although rumpled. She swayed, and pulled the handkerchief out of her mouth.

"How'd you like it, baby?" Eddie asked her.

"You low-life swine," she said, "'you stank! If I could kill you, I would!"

The flight door opened and the other stewardess entered, the tall one with the awry hair. "What's going on here?" she asked. "I've been serving drinks out there all alone and *everybody's* thirsty!"

"Get out of here, Karen!" said Captain Henderson.

"Just stay where you are, Karen!" said Eddie. He walked over and took the briefcase from Vince and slid his hand under the upper flap.

"Vince, lock that door. We've got all the company we need."

Vince locked the flight door. Karen looked at Vivian. "Oh… what happened to you?"

"I've just been raped…"

"And now it's your turn, Karen," said Eddie.

"He's got dynamite in the briefcase, Karen," said Henderson.

"What? That doesn't mean I submit to this type of thing," said Karen.

"Karen, you're next. My friend desires you. We have the TNT and we are prepared to use it. Remember you are to protect the plane, the crew, and the passengers in all moments of duress. I had a friend who worked in baggage once. He told me about the rule."

"To hell with the rule," said Karen, "nobody's raping me!"

"Captain Henderson," said Eddie, "are you ready to say our last prayers?"

"Look, Karen," said Henderson, "I believe these guys are crazy enough to do it."

"Captain Henderson," said Marty, the copilot, "Karen is my girlfriend."

"Think of the passengers," said Henderson, "think of the aircraft."

"You're just thinking of your own ass, Henderson."

"Go ahead, Vince," said Eddie, "take her! I can tell that none of these want to die! Go ahead, take her!" Eddie slipped his hand deeper under the upper flap of the briefcase. He was beginning to sweat below the hairline, little beads forming on his forehead.

Vince began to move toward Karen. "Captain, please take the controls," said Marty. Henderson took the controls. Marty turned and looked at Vince. "Stay away from her, son of a bitch!"

"Go ahead, Vince," said Eddie, "*take* her! One move out of anybody and I'm blowing us all to shit! I mean it!"

"O.K., Eddie…"

Eddie looked at Karen and he could then see why Vince wanted her. It was that wild uncombed hair, the pointed nose, and the lips, the way they pouted, slightly idiotic. Vince moved to Karen, grabbed her. His mouth was on hers and her hands pushed against his chest, weakly. She seemed stricken, numbed…

"You got the best one, Vince," said Eddie, "you son of a bitch, you lucked it!"

Then while still kissing Karen, Vince held her with one hand around the waist and lifted her skirt with the other. Her legs were long and slim and glorious. Her pantyhose were dark. Vince held her about the waist still kissing her, bending her backwards, and with his free hand he mauled her ass.

Marty got up from his seat. "Stop it, you bastard! I'm telling you, stop it!"

"Just stay out of this, Marty," said Eddie, the sweat now running awkwardly down his face, "just stay out of this, Marty, I'm telling you! I wanna *watch* this one!"

Then Vince reached down and grabbed her between the legs. He kissed her under the throat shoving her head back. Marty charged from his seat and leaped at Vince, and then there was the mark of the sun and the fuselage and the wings separated and the engines shook loose from the wings and dropped and the fuselage dropped, spinning nose-down whirling like a very large dart and losing its tail section as the engines fell through the sky. It was over a small town in Midwest America and not much damage was done except for part of a tail fin which sheared through a roof and sliced off a right arm to the shoulder of a seven-year-old girl working on her history lesson. H

The Bell Tolls for No One ***is available now at CityLights.com and wherever books are sold.***

"Do that in the backyard, Howard—I just had that chair reupholstered!"

LARRY FLYNT'S

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I CAUGHT MY WIFE AND MY BEST FRIEND IN BED AGAIN.
I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, BUT THE LAST TIME THAT HAPPENED, YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO HAVE THAT MUTT NEUTERED.
WINNERS

HOW TO BANG YOUR TEACHER

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: BUD FOX. STARRING: KAGNEY LINN KARTER, LONI EVANS, CHRISTIE STEVENS, A.J. APPLEGATE, JEANIE MARIE SULLIVAN, TYLER NIXON, TOMMY PISTOL, RYAN DRILLER, SCOTT LYONS & DANE CROSS.

Hey, Teacher, leave those kids alone? Not so much in *How to Bang Your Teacher*, which chronicles a handful of comely young educators who receive their training at the school of hard cocks. The video kicks off with Kagney Linn Karter, a bright-eyed blonde with proudly jutting udders. She finds herself schtupping a surfer-type student she's monitoring in detention. Her young charge rudely thrusts his cannon into the silky canyon between her milk mounds, then whacks her ass until it's as red as the apple he would have presented to her in more genteel times. As he drills into her meaty flaps, Karter squeals like Olive Oyl on a helium bender before receiving roping arcs of jism across her grateful mug. Later on, bespectacled brunette Loni Evans plays substitute teacher to a trashy, tattooed delinquent who fervently thirsts for carnal knowledge between her pale thighs until she's a babbling, cum-covered mess. Finally plaid-clad, bitty-tittied blonde A.J. Applegate plays teacher's pet, polishing her instructor's balls during a slobbery blowjob and furiously rubbing her clit while she rides him to finals. *How to Bang Your Teacher* won't solve the educational crisis currently plaguing this nation, but it's worthwhile for anyone who wants to study hard. Do your homework by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Pico D. Ribibi

LONI EVANS

JEANIE MARIE SULLIVAN

A.J. APPLEGATE

JUST JILLIAN

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILLIAM H. STARRING: JILLIAN JANSON, ARIANA MARIE, JODI TAYLOR, CHAD ALVA, MICK BLUE, JAMES DEEN, ERIK EVERHARD, MANUEL FERRARA, ERIC JOHN, ALEX LEGEND, SCOTT LYONS & FILTHY RICH.

Variety is the spice of life, but there's something to be said for gorging on a particularly delectable dish when it comes along. Such is the case with *Just Jillian*, a showcase for blond, modestly endowed gamine Jillian Janson. Of course she has some help on her way to marquee status. After a perhaps overly long tease, Janson gets cozy with wide-eyed brunette Ariana Marie. A sultry make-out session progresses to a more heated exchange. As she takes a deep dive into Marie's passion pit, Janson seems like she was born for cunnilingus. The sapphic duo are eventually joined by a grizzled but genitally blessed woodsman, who puts them through their paces with manic abandon. Janson and Marie trade hot licks on his love log before engaging in an impressive bout of sexual athletics. Janson gags down his tonsil-tickler, thoroughly spit-lubing his prick before mounting him. Then her drum-tight derriere bounces with wild abandon. Eventually Marie clambers onto Janson's back, forming a tower of twat for the guy to gamely hole-hop. The showcase moment here is a scene that purports to be Jillian's first double-penetration. Sure, the goons she's matched up with look like they've been snatched from a prison work-furlough program as they furiously rub dicks through the thin layer separating her twat and shitpit, but no matter; she takes the double-stuffing like a trouper. *Just Jillian* is a just investment in your porn catalog.

—P.D.R.

JODI TAYLOR & JILLIAN JANSON

ARIANA MARIE & JILLIAN JANSON

BARELY LEGAL: MY BRAND NEW BOOBS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: ALEXIS ADAMS, CHLOE ADDISON, LUNA KITSUEN, CHARITY BANGS, SHEENA RYDER, LONI EVANS, TOMMY PISTOL, JAMIE STONE, MARCO BANDERAS, RICHIE CALHOUN & OTTO BAUER.

Barely Legal: My Brand New Boobs delivers a parade of ample-titted cuties ripe for the plucking—and other activities that rhyme with *plucking*. The central slut is fresh-faced dirty-blonde Alexis Adams, with delectable, pear-shaped paps and a thin swatch of pubes that dangles above her girl-gulch like a sprig of mistletoe. Ditched by her boyfriend, she seeks solace in the embrace of a coffee-shop employee. She takes a few precocious licks at his swizzle stick before eagerly swallowing him all the way down. A hearty fuck ensues, with the horny barista slapping Adams' ass and tits for good measure as he pummels her puss but good. Plump-racked beauty Chloe Addison sunbathes topless as a dude oils her chest melons to glistening perfection before they retire to his place for a sex session. Addison delivers a fervent blowjob during which she twists the dude's prong like she's unscrewing a cap from a ketchup bottle. Eventually she's rewarded with thick dollops of cock condiment all over her heaving hooters. And then there's doe-eyed brunette Luna Kitsuen and her bountiful bazooms—*mmm. Barely Legal: My Brand New Boobs* is the absolute tits for fans of bouncing boomers. To order your boobilicious treat, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—P.D.R.**

ALEXIS ADAMS

LONI EVANS

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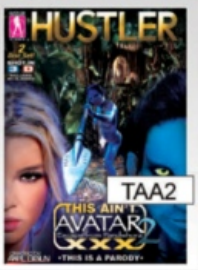

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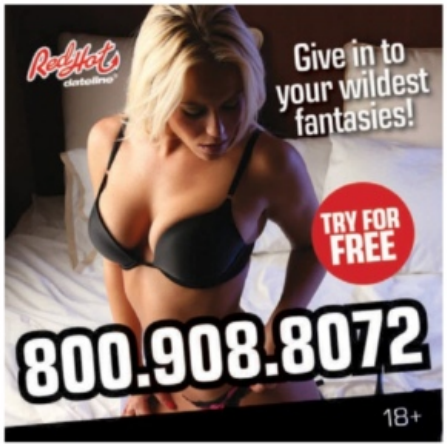
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It's not like I'm on a power trip because I'm a porn star. Sex is just something I really like to do, whether on or off camera. One of my favorite things is giving blowjobs. I get off on seeing a guy's face while I'm sucking and fucking. That's why my favorite position is cowgirl. I love being on top of a man. It just hits the spot. Voices get me off too. Like if a guy asks, 'Are you gonna come for me?' I don't know why, but it really turns me on. I get so hot, I drip."

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"Under Clinton it was sex, sex, sex. Under Bush it was war, war, war. Under Obama it's shoot the Negro, shoot the Negro, shoot the Negro."

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

DAISY SKY

Thousands of gals have been naked as a jaybird in *Beaver Hunt*, so props to Daisy Sky—the owner of an animal sanctuary—for festooning her pics with an avian prop. "I wanted to model nude because I'm a walking canvas," coos the 21-year-old painting and photography buff from Benicia, California. But there's more than meets the eye. "I'm down-to-earth and independent," Daisy articulates. "I'm an amazing real individual, and I love trying new things." That takes us to the 4-foot-11 metalhead's professed best attribute—"my ass"—and most intense pastime: "I'm a mysterious, compassionate, vegan Virgo, but I'm not an anal virgin anymore," Daisy proudly confides. Yes, the Megadeth and Iron Maiden diehard grooves to more than hard-pounding music. *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

"I love being naked in the wild, but it's always more exciting when I know that someone is looking."

KIANA

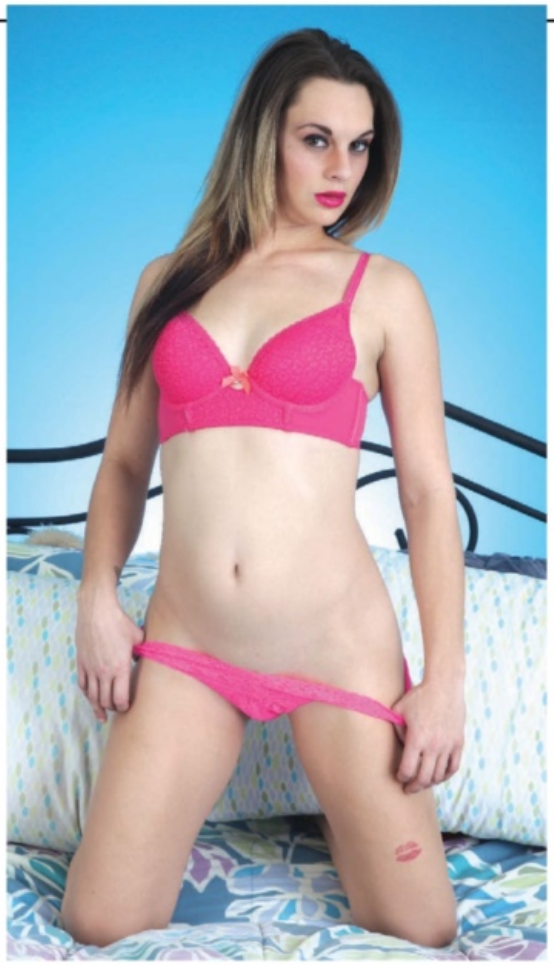
"I always want to please," declares Kiana, 22, a sales associate from Tacoma, Washington. "And not just sexually. I'm cute, funny, friendly and chatty, but I'm also more open-minded than most people. I think HUSTLER readers will be pleased to see me because they all like looking at nude women." Kiana gets extra kudos for being a true-blue thrill-seeker. Her fave platonic pastime is ziplining. "Zooming through the air on a wire high above the ground is the biggest adrenaline rush I've ever had with clothes on," the 5-foot-5 cutie pie marvels. Kiana soars even higher as a lovebird: "I'm very submissive. I give great head. I love doggy and having my ass spanked. I've fucked in a parking lot and had a fivesome with another girl and three guys. My fantasy is five girls at one time." The Ty Dolla $ign and sushi fan finishes with a flourish: "I always have the best orgasms when I'm eaten out by a hot chick." *—Photos by Friend*

"Anal is awesome when it's done right—gentle entry, deep thrusts and lots of ass-slapping until we both come."

RONIN LEIGH

"I am honored and thrilled to appear in Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Magazine," announces this bosomy denizen of Grapevine, Texas. "Mr. Flynt has fought for the sex worker and gender equality. I really admire the man." Ronin Leigh is admirable as well—and not just for spreading her luscious legs within these pages. "I'm a legal courtesan at Love Ranch North in Nevada, and I love every minute of it," Ronin raves. "So will whoever wants to spend time with me. I'm vivacious, sensual, passionate, giving and very attuned to my guests' sexual desires and needs. By the way, my favorite position is authentic Asian cowgirl—I was born in Vietnam—and I'm always open to suggestions!" We suggest a smattering of Ronin's private life. "I'm an avid snow skier and runner," the 5-foot-4 temptress discloses. "I enjoy country music and rock, my favorite band is Nickelback, my favorite movie is *P.S. I Love You*, and I read lots of books—any genre." Ronin could write at least a pair of them. "I'm an adventuress," she reckons. "I love having sex publicly. Swinger clubs are the best, but the Mile-High Club is never out of the question when I'm flying somewhere." Ronin, whose fantasy is "a huge orgy," is also qualified to pen the definitive book on being a red-hot 44-year-old who can pass for a twentysomething. "If I ask a guy to guess my age, he never gets close, but he can get very, very close to me." *—Photos by JMR Foto*

"I'll lay it on the line. I'm a shameless naughty girl with a heart of gold and everything else a man desires."



CANDII STAXX

"Why can't we always be as naked as we were when we came to life?" muses this exotic dancer from Dallas, Texas. "Being naked is natural to me. I only get embarrassed if I wear the wrong clothes." Candii Staxx has come to the right place to show off her 5-foot-7 bod. We don't give a hoot about what a Beaver dons for the camera as long as she's sexy, ultimately disrobes and lets us gaze at that cozy crevice between her legs. Besides meeting those criteria, Candii boasts a notable distinction. The avowed exhibitionist will turn 27 on November 1—Larry Flynt's birthday—and she's a notable paramour to boot: "I lost my virginity in the back of a pickup truck with cows all around," Candii recalls. "But my most memorable romantic experience was the first time I squirted. It was like the guy made love to my pussy. By the time we got done, the whole room was wet. I shot all the way to the ceiling!" Candii's also given anal a shot. In fact, nothing is taboo. "I have a vivid imagination," she exults. "I'm into any fetish and position my partner requests—the weirder the better." That could explain Candii's fantasy: "I want to fuck while parasailing." Happy birthday, Candii. Happy birthday, Larry. *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"I'm a big squirter when I orgasm. I don't mind having to wash the bedsheets every day."

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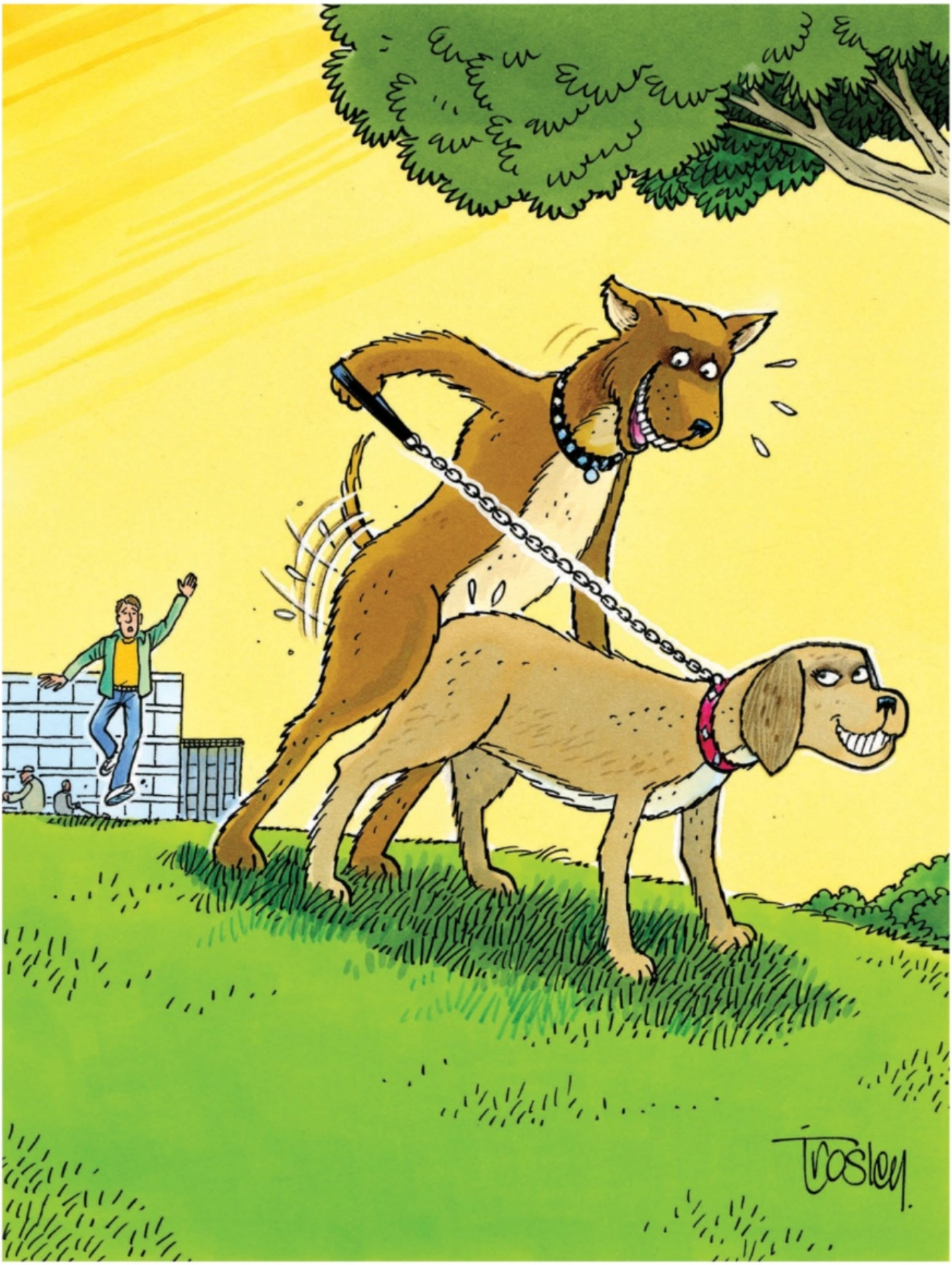

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AUSTIN & BAMBI

HEADBANGERS

HUSTLER CLASSIC
JULY 2003

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY FRESH MEDIA

Bambi and I love to rock out to Queens of the Stone Age and Radiohead," says **Austin**. "We're total headbangers!"

Bambi, her cunt-slurping cohort, notes, "That's not the only thing we love to bang. We both love wet pussy. I like it when guys watch us fuck, so take a good, hard look."

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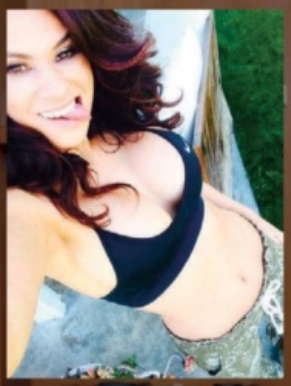

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